AT WEALTH'S DOOR.

But the Poor Fellow Didn't Succeed in Crossing the Threshold.

For many months, writes C. N. Hood in Drake's Magazine, my cupidity had been aroused by items such as this:

"Matthew Mortanbrick, a day laborer, working on the new M. Sheeny & Co's clothing building, woke up this morning to find that his fortunes had been materially changed. A month ago he invested one dollar in the lottery, and at yesterday's drawing the ticket which he held, No. 69,695, drew $20,000. Mr. Mortanbrick was first informed of his good fortune by our reporter this morning, and his first act was to walk deliberately to an old and well-worn hod which he had carried up to the tops of tall buildings in process of construction for many years, and kick it into the back-yard. He has a large and interesting family of children and will take a portion of the money and purchase a place on the West side and invest the remainder in a profitable business."

Or this:

"Mr. Onspace, the well-known and talented writer, is receiving the congratulations of his many friends in the journalistic profession to-day on account of a little turn of Fortune's wheel in his favor yesterday, when his number 96,969 in the —— lottery drew $10,003. Mr. Onspace will purchase a large amount of stock in this paper, and has already been promoted to the position of literary editor, at a handsome salary."

I had perused a great many of these little pieces of news, and at last I commenced to become somewhat weary of my lot, and, to tell the truth, it wasn't such a deuce of a lot, any way. It struck me one pleasant morning that it would be a very simple thing for me to invest a very small portion of my hard earned lucre, and, perhaps, draw a prize which would buy me a position where my talents would be recognized and easily identified.

The more I contemplated the more favorably the plan struck me, and at last I bought, for a paltry dollar—which I have since thought, sadly, would have purchased twenty beers, or twenty sandwiches, or two tickets to the theater, or one round trip excursion ticket, or four pairs of hose (my grade), or twenty cakes of soap, or—but why go on—with that paltry dollar I purchased a lottery ticket the size of a theater ticket, only not on so good paper, on which was printed in intricate design in ink of a delicate crushed June bug shade, the information that the ticket was No. 91,361 (nine, one, three, six, one), and that it entitled me to a certain section of whatever prize was drawn by that number at the regular drawing.

I laughed at my own foolishness, but just the same I laid that bit of paper away with the greatest care. I tried to forget all about it. I was certain that it wouldn't draw any thing. I never was very lucky; but my mind kept reverting feverishly to the ticket. All night long those mystic figures, "9-1-3-6-1," kept burning their way into my brain. They certainly looked lucky, and anyway, my chances were as good as anybody's. Wouldn't it be a surprise to some people, if my number should happen to win ten or twenty thousand dollars. I caught myself frequently taking that ticket out and gazing at it long and abstractedly. Along about the third day it began to seem to me moderately probable that 91,361 would win at least $10,000, possibly more, and I began to wonder what I would do with it all.

To begin with, I would put up a neat little house for $5,000, furnish it modestly for about $2,000, and then invest about $1,000 in a library. Then I'd use about $2,000 for a little run over to Europe, and furnish a stable for $1,500, or in that neighborhood, and invest $5,000 in some good, paying business, which it gave me considerable trouble to decide upon. Ten thousand dollars seemed hardly enough, but then probably I'd win $15,000, if I won any thing, and though that sum looked rather small when I could easily spend five times the amount, I resolved to be very judicious with my winnings and try to make them go as far as I could. Then, too, I could buy another ticket for the following month's drawing, and perhaps win $15,000 more.

I still continued to recognize my old friends on the street, but secretly I began to sift out a good many whom I would hardly care to know after the tenth of the month. For twenty days I was rich. The dreams were so beautifully golden. Ah me! Ah me!

The day of fate arrived, and after an almost sleepless night I eagerly purchased a copy of a morning paper which always published a list of the lucky numbers. I turned the pages with trembling fingers.

"No. 92,360 proved to be the lucky number winning the capital prize, etc."

For a moment the figures were so like my own that my heart bounded into my throat. Then the dread truth dawned upon me and my heart bounded back to a position some four feet below its original location.

There was one satisfaction though, I came pretty close to it:

92,360
91,361

999

Em-m! Not so all-fired close, either.

It was so lovely, and so cheap to be rich almost a month for only a dollar, but, oh! the indigo blue bitterness, the strange, dazed feeling when I turned back to the old routine of drudgery. Yes, it's all very funny, exceedingly humorous—but honest now, did you ever try it yourself?

PAY OF NEW YORK DIVINES.

Bishop Potter receives $9,000 a year with a house rent of $3,000.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, gets $8,000 and a rectory.

Rev. Dr. Brown, of St. Thomas' Church, is paid $8,000, with a rectory.

Rev. Dr. Donald, rector of the Church of the Ascension, receives $6,000 and a rectory.

Rev. Dr. Kittridge, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, receives $10,000.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, gets $10,000 a year.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., has a salary of $10,000 and collects as much more from his editorial work.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, has a salary of $12,000 with an allowance for a house of about $3,000.

Rev. Dr. Paxton receives $12,000 a year and has no rent to pay, for his congregation have given him a handsome dwelling.

Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, receives $8,000 in addition to the use of a rectory, which would rent for $4,000.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, brother of Phillips Brooks, gets $6,000 and a rectory as the pastor of the Church of the Incarnation.

Rev. Dr. Satterlee, of Calvary Church, is given the rent of a handsome rectory overlooking Gramercy Park and $6,000 in cash.

Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's P. E. Church, receives $8,000, his house rent and the premium of an insurance on his life of $50,000.

Rev. Dr. John Hall receives a salary of $18,000 a year, in addition to a house in Fifth avenue adjoining his church whose rental would be at least $6,000.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor (Congregationalist) of the Broadway Tabernacle, receives $16,000 a year and, in addition, his congregation is said to pay the premium of an insurance on his life for $50,000.

Of the well-known Congregational ministers of Brooklyn, Dr. Lyman Abbott receives $10,500, Drs. Storrs and Behrends $10,000 each and Dr. R. R. Meredith, of the Tompkins Avenue Church, $8,000 a year.

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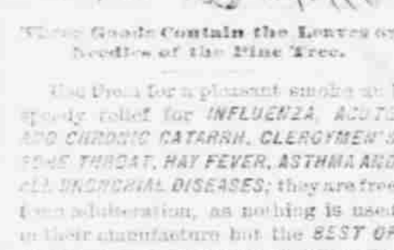

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Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES; they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the BEST OF TOBACCO and FRESH PINE NEEDLES.

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and all disorders of the liver and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 25th, '90-1y.

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A WOMAN PRIVATE.

Romantic Account of a Female Soldier of the Revolutionary War.

Among the applications filed for membership in the Sons of the American Revolution at a recent meeting, says a letter from Washington, was one which contained the details of a veritable romance. Prof. Gilbert Thompson, who on his father's side is descended from a private revolutionary soldier, also claims descent from a private soldier on his mother's side, this soldier being Deborah Sampson Gannett. Herein lies the romance. In an affidavit made by her when she relinquished her invalid pension and received the benefit of the act of Congress passed March 18, 1808, she testified as follows:

"Deborah Gannett, of Sharon, county of Norfolk, district of Massachusetts, makes oath that she served as a private soldier under the name of Robert Shurtleff, in the war of the revolution for upward of two years, in the manner following, viz.: Enlisted in April, 1781, in the company commanded by Captain George Webb, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Sherperd, and afterward by Colonel Henry Jackson, and served until November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged in writing, which discharge is lost. She was at the capture of Cornwallis, was wounded at Tarrytown, and now receives a pension from the United States."

In January, 1792, she petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts and stated that from zeal for the good of her country she was induced, and, by the name of Robert Shurtleff, did, on May 20, 1782, enlist as a soldier in the continental service for three years in the Fourth regiment; was mustered in on the 23d of the same month; was wounded and continued in the service until discharged by General Knox at West Point October 25, 1783. In accordance with this petition a resolution was passed January 29, 1792, signed by John Hancock, and she was paid thirty-four pounds, the note bearing interest from October 23, 1783.

The Female Review, published in 1797, gave her a very lengthy notice, and bore testimony to her heroic conduct and unblemished character.

MICROBES AT WAR

A Wonderful Revelation of Modern Science.

The revelations of the microscope as to the existence of myriads of microbes in our bodies, as well as in all that we eat and drink, has caused timid people much anxious wonderment as to why these creatures are not more injurious and destructive than they actually are. Writing in the Speaker, Sir Henry Roscoe explains how it is that even the deadliest of these microbes may be found in the mouth or other parts of the body, and yet their host be perfectly healthy. The question is not one of the mere presence of these organisms in the body, but entirely one as to whether or not they find their way into the blood. If they do not all is well; if they do the most serious trouble follows.

Working with the microscope in M. Pasteur's laboratory in Paris, a Russian physician, M. Metschnikoff, has been able to discover the secret of the impotence of the microbe to penetrate into the blood. These most recent investigations show that there are certain cells contained in the blood of all the higher animals termed phagocytes, and identical with the well-known white blood corpuscles, which are endowed with the power of independent motion, and not only wander inside, but even make their way outside the tissue, and pursue, devour and digest any bacilli, whether poisonous or not, with which they come in contact. This is in reality the true battle of life which, although hitherto unknown and unobserved, is constantly going on within the body.

These phagocytes, which are the watchful guardians of the body, attack and annihilate the bacilli before they can penetrate the blood tissues. So long as they remain on guard the body is safe from attack, but should they, from any cause, relax their vigilance, then the invading army of parasites would pass into the system and destroy life either by the numerous mechanical lesions which it produces or by the poison which it secretes. This apparently independent life of the cell within the organism is one of the most marvelous revelations of modern science, as well as a remarkable illustration of the extreme nicety of the balance of nature.

MAY BE WASHED OUT.

Dyspeptics to Have a Fresh Start If a Meal Be Not Digested.

During the past several years physicians have tried, with gratifying success, a novel treatment for dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach by washing out the stomach. The process is very simple and not dangerous. A long, flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stomach. The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled. The weight of the water in the pipe and funnel gives a hydraulic pressure sufficient to slightly distend the stomach. The pipe has an aperture big enough to hold a lead pencil. After the stomach has been filled the funnel end of the pipe is turned down until it is lower than the bottom of the stomach, and the stomach is emptied as a barrel of any fluid is emptied through a siphon. The process may be repeated several times. The result is that the undigested food and mucus are washed out, and the hot water closes the blood vessels, and reduces inflammation. The relief is immediate. The dyspeptic may have his stomach washed out before a meal, so that he can take a fresh start. After the lapse of a sufficient time for ordinary digestion, the stomach may be washed out again.

The process, says the New York Sun, has been in use at the New York Hospital for some time. The stomach pump has been mainly used in cases of poisoning, and is considered to be the first essential before administering antidotes, but they are so seldom used that few physicians have them. Recently in a case of poisoning three prominent physicians were applied to for the use of a stomach pump, and neither of them had one, and the patient had to be taken to the hospital.

A Handy Cane.

You have often been in some position where you would give pretty much any thing for a light; when you have been obliged to give it up and go on your way disconsolate. It is just this contingency, says the Chicago Evening Journal, that a dealer in canes and umbrellas has been providing against. This dealer has succeeded in inventing a cane which has an electric light. The top of the cane unscrews and discloses a small incandescent burner. This latest application of the subtle fluid consists of a cane with a hollow shank in which is snugly stored a fairy-size battery. This is of sufficient power to supply a current for a year with only occasional use, and when exhausted it can be readily renewed. If you drop your pocket-book on the street at night, if you want to consult your watch, if the key-hole is dodging, after the frequent manner of keyholes, all you have to do is to touch a button and the electric cane goes into service, and there you are, with a light at your disposal.

—Of course—She—"Why do poor men always keep lots of dogs?" He—"To keep the wolf from the door."—Munsey's Weekly.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

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Paine's Celery Compound is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

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No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
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It is the simplest and most durable arrangement for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
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You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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GYP'S NARROW ESCAPE.

How Mrs. Greenfront's Pet Came Near Losing His Precious Existence.

She came bustling into the doctor's office with something carefully wrapped in a fleecy shawl, says the Chicago Herald.

"Doctor," she said hurriedly, "he isn't at all well, and I would rather you would prescribe for him than any other physician in the city. I haven't forgotten how you brought the children of my neighbor, Mrs. Wallup, through the measles safely, and I am afraid it is something of the same kind that is troubling the dear little fellow."

"Who is sick, Mrs. Greenfront?" asked the physician, solicitously.

"My little Gyp," she answered, unrolling the bundle with the utmost care and exposing to view a measly little red-eyed poodle.

"But, madam," began the doctor, "I—"

"I know you are busy, doctor, and the servant said you mustn't be interrupted but it's a serious case. I don't know what is the matter with him, you see."

"But—"

"I hope no surgical operation will be necessary. I could not bear it, doctor, to see any thing of the kind performed on the dear little fellow."

"Will you allow me, madam, to—"

"Of course, doctor, I put him entirely in your hands. Do whatever you think is best for him. If an operation is necessary use your utmost skill."

"Mrs. Greenfront, you must permit me to say that I am not in the habit of prescribing for dogs."

"What! Don't you know any thing about their diseases?"

"I do not."

"Never had any practice whatever in attending upon them?"

"Never!" exclaimed the disgusted doctor.

"Then I couldn't think of letting you prescribe for him," she said, decidedly and emphatically, as she wrapped the animal up in the shawl with the utmost care. "Dear little Gyp," she murmured, caressingly, "what a narrow escape you have had!"

And taking the bundle up in her arms she bustled out of the office, leaving the fashionable doctor of the aristocratic avenue petrified with astonishment.

A CASHIER'S REVENGE.

How a Chicago Man Got Ahead of a Haughty Bank President.

The cashier of a South Water street fruit house and the president of one of the biggest banks in town had a financial disagreement Saturday afternoon and, according to the Chicago Tribune, the cashier came off victorious. The bank is noted for its unbending business methods. A draft for $1,500 on the South Water street firm came to the bank. The officers demanded payment with a certified check before they would turn over the bill of lading accompanying the draft. The cashier of the fruit house and the president of the bank had a lively conversation through the telephone.

"Our check is good at any bank in town," said the young man. "We can't keep a stock of certified checks on hand."

"We won't accept any thing but a certified check," said the president.

The young man returned to his desk and thought. Then he hired a horse and buggy and drove over to another bank, where he drew out $1,500 in big silver dollars. He placed them in a bag and drove back to the store, where two laborers carried the heavy load into the office. At four o'clock the notary of the bank appeared.

"There's your money," said the young man, triumphantly pointing to the bag. The notary tried to lift the bag, but he was not strong, and 1,500 of those cart-wheel dollars weigh over 85 pounds. The bag never budged. The notary pleaded to be allowed to have the bag carried over to the bank. The young man insisted that he must have his draft and his bill of lading at once and that the necessary counting must be done in the store. The notary was profane, but profanity didn't do any good, and he was diplomatic, and diplomacy failed to work. In the end he was forced to send for three clerks to count the money and hire an express wagon to carry the bag to the bank. Then he turned over the paper and the young man locked the safe and went home to prepare for the peaceful Sabbath day.

OCEANS OF ICE WATER.

The Amount of Ice Used by the Government Employes at Washington.

"The amount of ice consumed by the departments in Washington is enormous in the aggregate," said a big dealer in the article to a Washington Star reporter. "At the Treasury building alone a ton and a half of ice is delivered every morning for the day's consumption. Each room, you see, has its water cooler, or at least, a pitcher, which must be kept filled with cold drink from nine a. m. to four p. m. The ice is delivered in great blocks from carts at the door, and the messengers chop it up into pieces, fill buckets with the lumps and carry the buckets all over the building, distributing to each pitcher or cooler its proper supply. In the cellar there are big refrigerators, which are filled with a reserved stock. Nothing is put in these refrigerators except ice, the clerks not even being allowed to keep bottled beer in them for noontide refreshments.

"It is the same way with all the other departments. The War, State and Navy together use about as much as is consumed in the Treasury building. But it is the Department of the Interior that is the great devourer of ice. In the Pension Office and the main building of the department together from five to six tons are used every twenty-four hours. The post-office gobbles up twelve hundred pounds a day. However, you must remember that these quantities are always variable. In summer much more goes than in winter, and, if the hot season is unusually long or intense, we people who take the contracts are apt to find them far from profitable.

"Each department makes its own contract for ice. Bids are advertised for annually and the dealer who offers a supply for the following year at the lowest rate gets the job. It is, to a certain extent, a gamble, inasmuch as no definite amount of ice is agreed upon. The contractor receives so much money for providing a department with all the frozen water that it requires, whatever this quantity may be. Taking all the departments together, with their branches, it is probable that they consume about twenty-four thousand pounds of ice daily, averaging the year round. This makes a total annual consumption of a good deal over four thousand tons."

A Very Large Lung.

A "chemical lung" is the latest thing proposed for the ventilation of tunnels. It was lately tested in London by fourteen scientists. A room 15x28 was kept for an hour at a temperature of 82 degrees, and the air was loaded with impurities. The men of science were now called upon to enter, and the air was made still more impure by burning sulphur and carbonic acid gas. Then the "chemical lung," or so called punkah, measuring 4x2.6, was set in motion. The temperature was soon reduced to 65 degrees, and the air freed from all impurities. Then fat was burned to test the machine for organic substances, and the "lung" was started up just in time to prevent the examining gentlemen from running out for fresh air. It is proposed to use the invention during the construction of the channel tunnel.

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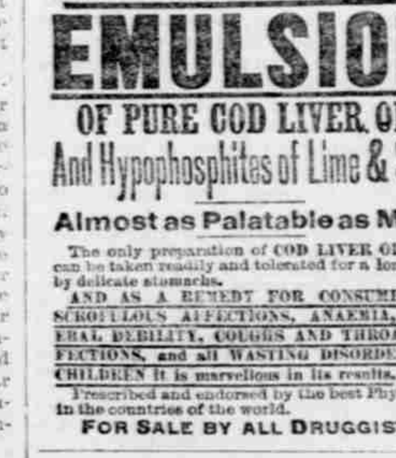

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EUROPE'S LABOR LAWS.

What Some Nations Have Done to Protect the Working Classes.

A great trades-union congress, composed of delegates from all the labor organizations in Great Britain, met at Liverpool on the 1st of September. It was composed of five hundred delegates, including ten women, and represented most of the large trades of the Kingdom.

The principal act of the congress was to pass a resolution in favor of reducing the time of laboring to eight hours a day and of making eight hours a day's labor by act of Parliament. This was not passed, however, without a great deal of strenuous opposition on the part of some of the older delegates.

The meeting of this congress and the great strikes which are frequently taking place in almost every civilized country and region render the question of what laws have been passed by the several nations regulating labor especially interesting at this time, says the Youth's Companion.

Thus far no European nation has passed a law limiting the time of the labor of adult male working-men, but measures as have been passed relate for the most part to the protection and limitation of the labor of women and children, and the greater part of these measures have become law within the past fifteen years.

For instance, by a statute passed by the British Parliament in 1878 women and children between fourteen and eighteen years of age, who are engaged in the textile factories are allowed to work only ten hours a day. Children under fourteen years can work only six hours a day. In other industries the respective periods of labor are increased over the figures stated by half an hour.

Moreover, no child under ten years of age is permitted to work in an English factory at all, and all night work is forbidden to women, young girls and children.

In France the limit of age is a little narrower, for in that country no child less than twelve years old is allowed to work in any factory, or other hard manual employment, excepting that they may do so in textile, glass and paper factories.

The French law, moreover, differs from that of most countries in that it limits the hours of labor according to the degree of education of the laborer. Children between twelve and fourteen years who have had a good elementary education are allowed to work twelve hours a day; those who have not, only six. This is to enable the less educated to attend school a part of every day. The French also forbid work on Sundays and nights to all boys under sixteen years, and all girls under twenty-one.

In viewing the steps taken by the young German Emperor to improve the condition of his laboring subjects, the present state of the German labor laws becomes interesting. Already legislation has done much, at least in the direction of protecting working-women and children.

German children under twelve years of age are forbidden to take work in factories and mines, and those between twelve and fourteen are legally restricted to six hours a day. Those between fourteen and sixteen years old may work ten hours a day in most of the industries, and in spinning eleven hours. Children are not allowed to work between half-past eight o'clock at night and half-past five in the morning, nor on Sundays, except in cases of urgent necessity, to be determined by the Bundesrath, or upper house of Parliament.

It is noteworthy, however, that the German labor laws have as yet done little to protect working-women of mature age. The principal law on this subject provides that the Bundesrath shall have power to prohibit female labor in certain industries, or to restrict it by regulations, and the same body may, if it sees fit, prohibit night work to any special class.

Even despotic Russia has issued decrees which regulate the hours of work of women and children according to the exigencies of particular industries. Children under twelve years, with some specified exceptions, are not allowed to work in Russian factories; those between twelve and fifteen years are restricted to eight hours daily, and may not work more than four hours continuously. Children under seventeen years and women are not allowed to work in Russia in spinning or textile industries at night, and the Russian law requires employers to pay attention to the education of their working people.

Similar regulations and restrictions to those which have already been described exist in Belgium, Spain, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Italy, Norway and Sweden, and Denmark. It will be seen that there is little or no legislation which restricts or imposes conditions upon the labor of full-grown men, but in many countries there are vigorous agitations to extend the limitations of law to working-men also.

BURMESE WELL-DIGGERS.

The Manner of Sinking Oil Wells in India.

The native method of digging oil wells in Burmah is described in a very interesting manner by Dr. Noetling, of the Indian Geological Survey. In the first place, a square shaft is dug, the sides measuring about four feet each. Over this pit is placed a crossbeam, supported on stanchions at either side, and in the center of the beam a small wooden drum or cylinder, which on its axis is made of a single piece of wood.

A leather rope running over this drum is used to lower the workmen into the pit, as well as the earthenware pot in which the oil is brought up. The walls of the shaft are lined with wood, and timber is used to support them. The workmen are lowered in an ingenious manner. The man sits on two slings formed of strong rope running between his legs and knotted over his left shoulder. To prevent sliding, a thin rope runs down from the knot across the breast, underneath the right shoulder to the back, where it is fastened to the rope forming the slings. A second rope for the same purpose is fastened round the hips.

No light can be taken down the shaft on account of the explosive gas; the workman, therefore, ties up his eyes before going down, so that he may see during the short time he is in the well. Two hundred and ninety seconds is the longest time any man, however strong, can remain below without becoming unconscious.

The workers object to descending more than 230 feet, and this limit is 300 feet. The manner of drawing up the oil is also very primitive. The rope is fastened around the neck of a bell-shaped earthenware pot, which is lowered and filled by sinking in the oil below. The oil is poured out into a larger pot when raised, and twelve of the latter are packed on a cart.

His Mistake.

Prison Chaplain—Bad company, my poor friend, is what gets most men into trouble.

Convict—Dat's so, cap. If only I could 'a' kept out er de detective's way!—West Shore.

—Both Girls Are Exclusive.—"No," said Miss Bleecker, in reply to a question, "I am not going to the Chinners. I don't care to meet every Tom, Dick and Harry." "That is right," replied Miss South Church, of Boston. "I also dislike to meet every Thomas, Richard and Henry."—N. Y. Sun.